THE DEMOCRATIC WHIG.

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THE DEMOCRATIC WHIG.

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THE RIGHTS OF THE STATES, AND THE UNION OF THE STATES.

From the Lady's Book for November.

FLIRTATION AND FOX-CHASING.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"The only heart that I have known of late, has been an easy, excitable sort of gentleman, quickly roused and quickly calmed—sensitive enough to confer a great deal of pleasure, and not sensitive enough to give a moment's pain. The heart of other days was a very different person indeed."

Bulwer.

My friend Tom Berryman and I had begun our travels differently—he taking England first, which I proposed visiting last. It is of course the *bonne bouche* and travel to everybody, and I was very curious to know Tom's experiences; as I was soon bound thitherward, anxious to pick out of his discriptions, some chart of the rocks and shoals in the "British channel" of society.

I should say, before quoting my friend, that he was a Kentuckian, with the manner (to ladies) of mingled devotion and nonchalance so popular with the sex, and a chivalric quality of man altogether. His fathers political influence had obtained for him personal letters of introduction from the President, with this advantage, and his natural air of fashion, he had found no obstacle to choosing his society in England; choosing the first, of course, like a true republican!

We were sitting on the water-steps at Malta, with our feet immersed up to the ankles, (in January too,) and in reply to some question of mine as to the approachability of noble ladies by such plebeian lovers as himself, Tom told me the story which follows. I take the names at random, of course, in all else I shall try to "tell the tale as 'twas told me."

Why, circumstances, as you know, sometimes put people in the attitude of lovers whether they will or no; and it is but civil in such a case, to do what fate expects of you. I knew too much of the difference between crockery and porcelain to enter English society with the remotest idea of making love within the red book of the peerage, and though I've a story to tell, I swear I never put a foot forward till I thought it was knightly devoir; inevitable, though ever so ridiculous. Still, I must say, with a beautiful and unreserved woman beside one, very much like other beautiful and unreserved women, a republican might be pardoned for forgetting the invisible wall. 'Right honorable' loveliness has as much attraction about it, let me tell you, and is quite as difficult to resist as loveliness that is honored, right or wrong, and a man must be brought up to it, as Englishmen are to see the heraldic dragons and griffins in the air when a charming girl is talking to him.

"Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like (*her*) grandsire cut in alabaster?"

Eh?

But to begin with the "Tityre tu patulæ."

I had been passing a fortnight at the hunting lodge of the wild devil, Lord ——, in the Scotch Highlands, and what with being freely wet outside every day, and freely wet inside every night, I had given my principle of life rather a disgust to its lodgings, and there some symptons of preparation, for leave-taking. Unwilling to be ill in a bachelor's den, with no solace tenderer than a dandy lord's tiger, I made a twilight flit to the nearest post-town and tightening my life-screws a little, with the aid of the village apothecary, started southward next morning with four posters.

I expected to be obliged to pull up at Edinboro', but the doctor's opiates, and abstinence, and quiet did more for me than I had hoped, and I went on very comfortably to Carlisle. I arrived at this place after night-fall, and found the taverns overflowing with the crowds of a fair, and no bed to be had unless I could make one in a quartette of snoring graziers. At the same time there was a great political meeting at Edinboro', and every leg of a poster had gone north—those I had brought with me having been trans-hitched to a return chaise, and gone off while I was looking for accommodations.

Regularly stranded, I sat down by the tap-room fire, and was mourning my disaster, when the horn of the night-coach reached my ear, and in the minute of its rattling up to the door, I hastily solved that it was the least of the two evils, and booked myself accordingly. There was but one vacant place an outsider! With hardly time enough to resolve, and none to repent I was presently rolling over the dark road, chilled to the bone in the first five minutes, and wet through with a "Scotch mist" in the next half hour.—Somewhere about daybreak we rolled into the town of ——, five miles from the seat of the Earl of Tresethen, to whose hospitality I stood invited, and I went to bed in a most comfortable inn and slept till noon.

Before going to bed, I had written a note to be despatched to Tresethen castle, and the earl's carriage was waiting for me when I awoke. I found myself better than I had expected, and dressing at once for dinner, managed to reach the castle just in time to hand in Lady Tresethen. Of that dinner I but remember that I was the only guest, and that the earl regretted his daughter's absence from table, Lady Caroline having been thrown that morning from her horse. I fainted somewhere about the second remove, and recovered my wits some days after, on the safe side of the crisis of a fever.

I shall never forget that first half hour of conscious coriosity. An exquisite sense of bodily reposemingled with a vague notion of recent relief from pain, made me afraid to speak lest I should awake from a dream, yet, if not a dream, what a delicious reality! A lady of most noble presence, in a half mourning dress, sat by the side a cheerful fire, turning her large dark eyes on me, in the pauses of a conversation with a gray-headed servant. My bed was of the most sumptuous luxury; the chamber was hung with pictures and draped with spotless white; the table covered with the costliest elegancies of the toilet; and in the gentle and deferential manner of the old liveried menial, and the subdued tones of inquiry by the lady, there was a refinement and tenderness which, with the keen susceptibility of my senses, "lapt me in Elysium;" I was long in remembering where I was. The lady glided from the room, the old servant resumed his seat by my bedside, other servants in the same livery came softly in on errands of service, and, at the striking of the half hour by a clock on the mantlepiece, the lady returned, and I was raised to receive something from her hand. As she came nearer, I remembered the Countess Tresethen.

Three days after this I was permitted to take the air of a conservatory which opened from the Countess's boudoir. My old attendant assisted me to dress, and, with another servant, took me down in a *fauteuil*. I was in slippers and robe-de-chambre, and presumed that I should see no one except the kind and noble Lady Tresethen, but I had scarce taken one turn up the long alley of flowering plants, when the Countess came toward me from the glass door beyond, and on her arm a girl leaned for support, whose beauty——

(Here Tom dabbled his feet for some minutes in the water in silence.)

God bless me! I can never give you an idea of it! It was a new revelation of woman to me; the opening of an eighth seal. In the minute occupied by her approach, my imagination, (accelerated, as that faculty always is, by the clairvoyance of sickness,) had gone through a whole drama of love—fair, adoration, desperation, and, rejection; and so complete was it, that in after moments when these phases of passion came round in the proper lapse of days and weeks, it seemed to me that I had been through with them before; that it was all familiar; that I had met and loved in some other world, this same glorious creature, with the same looks, words, and heart-ache; in the same conservatory of bright flowers, and faith, myself in the same pattern of a brocade dressing gown!

Heavens! what a beautiful girl was that Lady Caroline! Her eyes were of a light gray, the rim of the lids perfectly inky with the darkness of the long sweeping lashes; and in her brown hair there was a gold lustre that seemed somehow to illuminate the curves of her small head like a halo. Her mouth had too much character for a perfectly agreeable first impression. It was nobility and sweetness educated over native high spirit and scornfulness—the nature shining through the transparent blood, like a flaw through enamel. She would have been, in other circumstances, a maid of Saragossa or a Gertrude Von Wart; a heroine; perhaps a devil. But her fascination was resistless!

"My daughter," said Lady Tresethen, (and in that beginning was all the introduction she thought necessary,) "is, like yourself, an invalid just escaped from the doctor; you must congratulate each other. Are you strong enough to lend her an arm, Mr. Berryman!"

The Countess left us, and with the composure of a sister who had seen me every day of my life, Lady Caroline took my arm and strolled slowly to and fro, questioning me of my shooting at the lodge, and talking to me of her late accident, her eyes sometimes fixed upon her little embroidered slippers, as they peeped from her snowy morning dress, and sometimes indolently raised and brought to bear on my flushed cheek and trembling lips; her singular serenity operating on me as any thing but a sedative! I was taken up stairs again, after an hour's conversation, in a fair way for a relapse, and the doctor put me under embargo again for another week, which, spite of all the renewed care and tenderness of Lady Tresethen, seemed to me an eternity! I'll not bother you with what I felt and thought all that time!

It was a brilliant autumn day when I got leave to make my second exodus, and with the doctor's permission, I prepared for a short walk in the park. I declined the convoy of the old servant, for I had heard Lady Caroline's horse gallop away down the avenue, and I wished to watch her return unobserved. I had just lost sight of the castle in the first bend of the path, when I saw her quietly walking her horse under the trees at a short distance, and the moment after she observed and came towards me at an easy canter. I had schooled myself to a little more self-possession, but I was not prepared for such an apparition of splendid beauty as that woman on horseback. She rode an Arabian bay of the finest blood; a lofty, fiery, matchless creature, with an expression of eye and nostril which I could not but think a proper *pendant* to her own, limbed as I had seldom seen a horse, and his arched neck, and forehead, altogether, proud as a steed for Lucifer. She sat on him as if it were a throne she was born to, and the flow of her riding dress seemed as much a part of him as his mane. He appeared ready to bound into the air, like Pegasus, but one hand calmly stroked his mane, and her face was as tranquil as marble.

"Well met!" she said; "I was just wishing for a cavalier. What sort of a horse would you like, Mr. Berryman? Ellis!" (speaking to her groom) "is old Curtal taken up from grass?"

"Yes, miladi!"

"Curtail is our invalid horse, and as you are not very strong perhaps his easy pace will be best for you. Bring him out directly, Ellis. We'll just walk along the road a little way; for I must show you my Arabian; and we'll not go back to ask mamma's permission, for we shouldn't get it? You won't mind riding a little way, will you?"

Of course I would have bestrided a hippogriff at her bidding, and when the groom came out, leading a thoroughbred, hunter, with apparently a very elastic and gentle action, I forgot the doctor and mounted with great alacrity. We walked our horses slowly down the avenue and out at the castle gate, followed by the groom, and after trying a little quicker pace on the public road, I pronounced old Curtal worthy of her ladyship's eulogium, and her own Saladin worthy, if horse could be worthy, of his burthen.

We had ridden perhaps a mile, and Lady Caroline was giving me a slight history of the wonderful feats of the old veteran under me, when the sound of a horn made both horses prick up their ears, and on rising a little acclivity, we caught sight of a pack of hounds coming across the fields directly towards us, followed by some twenty red-coated horsemen. Old Curtal trembled and showed a disposition to fret, and I observed that Lady Caroline dexteriously lengthened her own stirrup and loosened the belt of her riding-dress, and the next minute the hounds were over the hedge, and the horsemen, leap after leap, after them, and with every successive jump, my own steed reared up and plunged unmanagably.

"*Indeed* I cannot stand this!" cried Lady Caroline, gathering up her reins. "Ellis! see Mr. Berryman home!" and away went the flying Arabian over the hedge with a vault that left me breathless with astonishment. One minute I made the vain effort to control my own horse and turn his head in the other direction, but my strength was gone. I had never leaped a fence in my life on horseback, though a tolerable rider on the road; but before I could think how it was to be done, or gather myself together for the leap, Curtal was over the hedge with me, and flying across a ploughed field like the wind—Saladin not far before him. With a glance ahead I saw the red coats rising into the air and disappearing over another green hedge, and though the field was crossed in twenty leaps, I had time to feel my blood run cold with the prospect of describing another parabola in the air, and to speculate on the best attitude for a projectile on horseback. Over went Saladin like a greyhound, but his mistress's riding-cap caught the wind at the highest point of the curve, and flew back into my face as Curtal rose on his haunches, and over I went again, blinded and giddy, and, with the cap held flat against my bosom by the pressure of the air, flew once more at a tremendous pace onward. My feet were now plunged to the instep in the stirrups, and my back, too weak to support me erect, let me down on my horse's mane, and one by one along the skirt of a rising woodlane, I could see the red coats dropping slowly behind,—Right before me like a meteor, however, streamed back the loosened tresses of Lady Caroline, and Curtal kept close on the track of Saladin, neither losing nor gaining an inch apparently, and nearer and nearer sounded the baying of the hounds, and clearer became my view of the steady and slight waist riding so fearlesly onward. Of my horse I had neither guidance nor control. He needed none. The hounds had crossed a morass, and we were rounding a half-circle on an acclivity to come up with them, and Curtal went at it too confidently to be in error. Evenly as a hand-gallop on a green sward his tremendous pace told off, and if his was the ease of muscular power, the graceful speed of the beautiful creature moving before me see and the arial buoyancy of a bird. Obstructions seemed nothing. That flowing dress and streaming hair sailed over rocks and ditches, and over them, like their inseparable shadow, glided I, and, except one horseman who still kept his distance ahead, we seemed alone in the field. The clatter of hoofs, and the exclamations of excitement had ceased behind me, and though I was capable of no exertion beyond that of keeping my seat, I no longer feared the leap nor the pace, and began to anticipate a safe termination to my perilous adventure. A slight exclamation from Lady Caroline reached my ear and I looked forward. A small river was before us, and, from the opposite bank, of steep clay, the rider, who had preceded us was falling back, his horse's fore feet high in the air, and his arms already in the water. I tried to pull my reins. I shouted to my horse in desperation. And with the exertion, my heart seemed to give way within me. Giddy and faint I abandoned myself to my fate. I just saw the flying heels of Saladin planted on the opposite bank and the streaming hair still flying onward, when, with a bound that, it seemed to me, must rend every fibre of the creature beneath me, I saw the water gleam under my feet, and still I kept on. We flew over a fence into a stubble field, the bounds just before us and over a gate into the public highway, which we followed for a dozen bounds, and then, with a pace slightly moderated, we successively cleared a low wall and brought up, on our horses' haunches, in the midst of an uproar of dogs, cows and scattering poultry—the fox having been run down at last in the enclosure of a barn. I had just strength to extricate my feet from the stirrups, take Lady Caroline's cap, which had kept its place between my elbows and knees, and present it to her as she sat in her saddle, and my legs gave way under me. I was taken into the farm-house, and, at the close of a temporary elipse, I was sent back to Tresethen Castle in a post-chaise, and once more handed over to the doctor!

"Well, my third siege of illness was more tolerable, for I received daily, now, some message of inquiry or some token of interest from Lady Caroline, though I learned from the countess that she was in sad disgrace for her inveiglement of my trusting innocence. I also received cards of the members of the hunt, with many inquiries complimentary to what they were pleased to consider American horsemanship, and I found that my seizure of the flying cap of Lady Caroline and presentation of it to her ladyship at "the death," was thought to be worthy, in chivalry of Bayard, and in dexterity of Ducrow. Indeed, when let out again to the convalescent walk in the conservatory, I found that I was counted a hero even by the stately Earl.—There slipped a compliment, too, here and there, through the matronly disapprobation of Lady Tresethen, and all this was too pleasant to put aside with a disclaimer— so I bid truth and modesty hold their peace, and took the honor the gods chose to provide!

But now came dangers more perilous than my ride on Curtal. Lady Caroline was called upon to be kind to me! Daily as the old servant left me in the ally of japonicas, she appeared from the glass door of her mother's boudoir and devoted herself to my comfort—walking with me, while I could walk, in those fragrant and balmy avenues of flowers, and then bringing me into her mother's luxurious apatment, where books, and music, and conversation as frank and untrammelled as man in love could ask, wiled away the day. Wiled it away?—winged it—shod it with velvet and silence, for I never knew how it passed! Lady Caroline had a mind of the superiority stamped so consciously on her lip.—She anticipated no consequences from her kindness, therefore she was playful and unembarrassed. She sang to me, and I read to her. Her rides were given up, and Saladin daily went past the window to his exercise, and with my most zealous scrutiny I could detect in her face neither impatience of confinement nor regret at the loss of weather fitter for pleasures out of doors. Spite of every caution with which hope could be chained down, I was flattered.

You smile—(Tom said, though he was looking straight into the water, and had not seen my face for half an hour)—but, without the remotest hope of taking Lady Caroline to Kentucky, or of becoming English on the splendid dowry of the heiress of Tresethen, I still felt it impossible to escape from my lover's attitude—impossible to avoid hoarding up symptons, encouragements, flatteries, and all the moonshine of amatory anxiety. I was in love—and who reasons in love?

One morning, after I had become an honorary patient—an invalid only by sufferance—and was slowly admitting the unwelcome conviction that it was time for me to be shaping my adieux—the conversation took rather a philosophical turn. The starting point was a quotation in a magazine from Ritcher:—"Is not a man's universe *within* his head, whether a king's diadem or a turn scull-cap be *without*?"—and I had insisted rather strenuously on the levelling privelege we enjoyed in the existence of a second world around us—the world of reverie and dream—wherein the tyranny, and check, and the arbitrary distinctions of the world of fact were never felt—and where he, though he might be a peasant, who had the consciousness in his soul that he was a worthy object of love to a princess, could fancy himself beloved and revel in imaginary possession.

"Why," said I, turning with a sudden flush of self-confidence to Lady Caroline, "Why should not the passions of such a world, the loving and returning of love in *fancy*, have the privilege of language? Why should not matches be made, love confessed, vows exchanged, and fidelity sworn, valid within the realm of dream-land only? Why should I not say to you for example, I adore you, dear lady, and in my world of thought you shall, if you will so condescend, be my guide and mistress; and why, if you respond to this and listened to my vows of fancy, should your bridegroom of the world of fact feel his rights invaded?"

"In fancy let it be then!" said Lady Caroline, with a blush and a covert smile, and she rang the bell for luncheon.

Well, I stayed a couple of days, and on the last day of my stay at Tresethen, I became sufficiently emboldened to take Lady Caroline's hand behind the fountain of the conservatory, and to press it to my lips with a daring wish that its warm pulses belonged to the world of fancy.

She withdrew it very kindly, and (I thought) sadly, and begged me to go to the boudoir and bring her a volume of Byron that lay on her work table.

I brought it, and she turned over the leaves a moment, and, with her pencil, marked two lines and gave me the book bidding me an abrupt good morning. I stood a few minutes with my heart beating and my brain faint, but finally summoned courage to read:—

"I cannot lose a world for thee—
But would not lose thee for a world!"

I left Tresethen the next morning and

"Hold on, Tom!" cried I—"there comes the boat with our dinner from Valetta, and we'll have your sorrows over our Burgundy."

"Sorrows!" exclaimed Tom, "I was going to tell you of the fun I had at her wedding!"

"Lord preserve us!"

"Bigamy—wasn't it?—after our little nuptuals in dream-land! She told her husband all about it at the wedding breakfast, and his lordship (she married the marquis of ——) begged to know the extent of *my* prerogatives. I was sorry to confess that they did not interfere very particularly with *his*!"

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles married—as the world says—well! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and at such times I am carried away by similar feeling. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face, and her soft eyes, moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous and how glad they'll come back from the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and, with an affection as undying as his pulse, fold her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of action, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowing beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripening into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and the delicate attentions which first won her, and fair children are growing about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die!

I say I love to dream thus I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feeling touched by loveliness, that fears nothing for itself and if ever I yield to darker feelings, it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling upon such changes, and I will not minutely now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who daily move across my path; and I would whisper to them as they glide joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored like the fancies of the bride; and many oh! many an hour will she sit, with her rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them too and she goes on for a while undeceived. The evening is not too long while they talk of plans for happiness, and the quiet meal is still a pleasant and delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention.—There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptons of weariness; and the husband, first, in his manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were wont to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially.—There come long hours of unhappy restlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till by-and-by, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon the hollow world for the support which one who was their lover and friend could not give them!

Heed this, ye who are winning, by your innocent beauty, the affections of high-minded and thinking beings.—Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart, with whom he has had even a fellowship of mind, the society of his cotemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companion, and frequently in his passionate love, he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the "voice of the charmer." It will bewilder him at first; but it will not long.—And then, think you that an idle bandishment will chain the mind that has been used, for years, to an equal communion? Think you he will give up, for a weak dalliance, the animating themes of men, and the search into the mysteries of knowledge? Oh, no, lady! believe me, no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters.—Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity that woman's is a secondary lot, ministering to the necessities of her lord and master. It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as ours, I would put no wisdom of mine against God's allotment. I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it a healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun; and then you may hope that, when your life is bound with another you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that shall pervade every earthly interest.

The following anecdote we clip from the Picayune. We think it a good one, but as some of our readers may be squeamish about it, we give them notice that they need not read it unless they choose. Ed.

POTATOES AND PROGENY.—Dr. Mackenzie—or rather some one for him—tells with great good-humor an anecdote in the New "York Union;" which we before heard verbally related. It is all about a certain Lady Middleton, who, contrary to her most anxious wish, was unblessed with any children. After an absence of several years with her liege lord in England, she returned with him to reside for a time on one of their Irish estates.

As the carriage drove up to the mansion she noticed several fine-looking children about the gate, and having learned that their mother was the wife of the gate porter, she determined to interrogate her, relative to the cause of her fecundity; she therefore next day made her way to the porter's lodge, and commenced her inquiries:—

"Whose children are these, my good woman?"

"All my own, my lady."

"What! *three* infants of the same age!"

"Yes, my lady; I had three the last time."

"How long have you been married!"

"Three years, your ladyship."

"And how many children have you got?"

"*Seven*, my lady."

At last come *the* question of questions—*how* she came to have children! The poor woman, not well knowing what this catechism meant, and not knowing how to wrap up in delicate words her idea of cause and effect, blushed and grew confused, and at last, for want of something better to say replied—"I think it must be the potatoes, my lady!"

This unfolded a theory of population quite new to Lady Middleton, who eagerly demanded—"The potatoes! Do you eat much of them?"

"Oh, yes my lady; very seldom we have bread, and take potatoes all the year round!"

Greatly agitated with her new information, the lady further asked—"And where do you get the potatoes?"

"We grows them in our little garden, my lady;—sure Pat tills it."

'Well,' said Lady Middleton, "send me up a cart load of these potatoes, and the devil shall pay you for them."

Shortly after her ladyship rose to leave the house, and indeed had left it, the matron ran after her, and, in public as she put the question, asked—"Ah, then my lady, it is to have children that you want the load of potatoes?"

It was the lady's turn to blush, as he confessed that it was.

"Because I'm thinkin', my lady, in *that* case that *Pat had better take the potatoes to you himself!!!*"

A PORTRAIT OF JOHN TYLER,

BY A MASTER HAND.

The Boston Atlas has published in full the address of Hon. John Quincy Adams to his constituents, delivered on the 17th September. It is a general review of the great political questions which have for years engaged the attentions of the people of this country. Every portion of it displays that eminent ability which marks all the efforts of this distinguished statesman. We copy his portrait of the President of the United States, which though exceeding accurate, cannot be regarded as at all flattering:

"John Tyler who stole into the camp of the Whigs in 1840, in their triumphant struggle to put down the standard of the Northern man with Southern principles under the colors of retrenchment, reform, and Whig resistance to Executive usurpations has crept up to the summit of power, and there proclaims himself a democrat dyed in the wool—claims to be an independent co-ordinate department of the legislative power, declares in so many words that Congress can enact no law without his sanction, stigmatizes the leading members of Congress, of the party by which he was chosen as the coadjutor of Harrison, to achieve the great and glorious work of reform, as mousing politicians—sets all the trumpets of the press, paid by his dispensation of patronage with the public money, and all the unprincipled office hunters throughout the Union, to railing against Congress, the real legislative power for failing to restore the public prosperity, while he defeats by his vetoes almost every salutary measure devised and matured by them and believed by them to be indispensable for that purpose; turns out of the Executive offices under his control, honest and honorable men, true republicans and ardent patriots, like Jonathan Roberts, and fosts into their places sycophants and time-servers—levies money upon the people, upon authority so questionable, that his own Secretary of the Treasury believes it to be without and against law; and to crown the whole system of misrule, approves and signs an act of Congress, and deposites in the Department of State, an argument to nullify the most important, and the most wholesome of its provisions.

Fellow-citizens, it was this glaring act of double dealing, that stamped the character of the man in my estimation in letters never to be effaced.—That duplicity was his uneradicable vice, I had long had reason to suspect, but was extremely reluctant to believe.—Long before he had been thought of as a candidate for the office of Vice President of the United States, I had read a letter from the late Henry Lee to him, charging him with that pollution of the heart in other transactions of his life; upon testimony which it was not easy to withstand. I had witnessed his wavering, inconsistent, and yet obstinate conduct throughout the whole of his proceedings with his first cabinet, until its dissolution—had con pared his self-contradictory reasons for his first and second bank vetoes, and had noticed the direct issues upon his veracity, made by the seceding members of the Harrison cabinet. I know not all indeed of the mass of irrefragible evidence on that point, which has since been disclosed, but it was already exposed in such burning light, that I could barely keep with him upon terms of such personal civility as may be observed with political adversaries, whose personal integrity is unimpeachable.—The approval of the apportionment bill with the caveat deposited in the Department of State against far the most important section in it, was, in my opinion a fraud, which no man of moral honesty could have committed; which no sophistry could disguise, and no ingenuity could palliate. I could have no further voluntary friendly personal intercourse with its author, and I deemed it my indispensable duty to expose its true character to the House and to the country."

Much has been said of the singularity of President Tyler in being without a party in Congress and the country. We think his position still more singular in regard to his immediate advisers. The Cabinet of his predecessor he was obliged to kick out for positive hostility—for giving comfort and aid to his worst enemies; but even that was not so strange as that those of his own appointment are obliged to write immense letters, in order to convince the public that they are not positively hostile, or, at least, very indifferent to him. Mr. Webster is friendly to the President, but opposed to all his measures. He is fortunately, however, willing to overlook this last trifling difference, for the sake of serving the country at $6,000 per annum. Mr. Spencer not only praises the President, but his measures also; and yet, (strange to say!) this only adds to the "shadows, clouds, and darkness," that hover about his position for he offers no sufficient explanation of his sudden transmigration from the body of Whigery to the body of Tyrrism—from extreme hostility to extreme cordiality—from hot denunciation to warm praise of the President.

The public will not have forgotten the "Clay manifesto" that crowned the labors of the extra session, declaring open war on the President: It was follow